

More than a



Be_sunflower20

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One time thing



More Than a One Time Thing by robstar13

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Summary: "This was a mistake." Steve said aloud. "Just a one time thing." Billy agreed. Steve left the room and found Nancy who had been sitting with a few girls from school, obviously waiting on him. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her lovingly. He felt wrong. Disgusting. And he also found himself wanting more. (Warnings: smut, homophobia, mild racial slurs, abuse, and drug use)

1. Princess

The first time they fucked it was at a party, because *of course* it was, and it wasn't even his intention, really. The nightmares and the memories of what he witnessed were beginning to be too much for Steve Harrington, and so he decided to lose himself with one night of partying.

It was also the night he had officially met Billy Hargrove. He was just standing there, looking at him from across the crowded room, a fire in his eyes that pissed Steve off the more he saw it. And so he met Billy in a spare room to confront him, to see what his problem was.

He didn't expect to be pushed up against the door with a bruising kiss. And he definitely didn't intend on kissing him back. It was the alcohol, he decided. It clouded his judgement, made everything hazy.

The hands on his body were real and clear though. He could feel everything; every rough kiss and tug of fabric, everything was hard and fast and Steve loved it. He vividly remembered the way Billy Hargrove, the scariest guy in the school at that point, got on his knees for him and proceeded to suck his cock.

The world around them felt like a blur. There was nothing, there was only them. Just Steve's heavy breathing as Billy licked the underside of his length, smirking up at him with each shudder of breath. *So good so good so good*, was the only thing Steve's troubled mind could comprehend.

Steve gasped in annoyance when Billy stopped. He removed the remainder of his clothing and backed up to the bed. Steve watched in a haze as Billy opened his fist and a small vile of lube lay in the palm of his hand, and put some on his fingers. Steve unconsciously stroked himself as Billy laid back and began to finger himself.

It was weird to Steve to see such a thing. He didn't know a guy could just.. do that. But it didn't stop from him tugging at his length even faster as Billy added a third finger, his stupid beautiful face looking over at him, a smugness that just pissed Steve off, and turned him on even more. Billy let out a short laugh and did his strange tongue

thing that was suddenly *really* arousing, and ordered Steve to come over and stick his dick inside him.

Harrington did not even question such an action, he just.. did it. He wasn't kind nor gentle. He got on top of the blonde and entered him with no warning, and *fuck* did he enjoy it. *So tight, so good*, Steve's jumbled mind couldn't understand what he was doing, all he knew was that it felt better than anything he'd ever done before.

Billy clawed at his back, growling and howling against the mattress. He was like a caged animal, simply rabid. It appeared as though he loved the pain.

"Harder, *Princess*." He demanded, and the sound of that pet name pissed Steve off so much that he did. Mercilessly.

He wrapped his hand around Billy's throat and the blue eyed devil did his tongue thing once more, and Steve hated how his cock twitched at the sight. He tightened his grip just a little and Billy rolled his eyes back in pleasure, taking in all the pain until he came against his stomach and Steve's chest. Harrington moaned, surprised that he didn't even needed to be touched.

The brown eyed boy's thrusts slowed as he came, crushing his lips against Billy's as his grip around his throat loosened. Only heavy breathing remained in the room after that, Steve's muggy mind starting to clear.

Nancy was suddenly the only thing on his mind as he pulled out from Billy's leaking entrance. His hands were shaking as he struggled to put his clothes on.

"This was a mistake." Steve said aloud.

"Just a one time thing." Billy agreed.

Steve left the room and found Nancy who had been sitting with a few girls from school, obviously waiting on him. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her lovingly.

He felt wrong. Disgusting.

And he also found himself wanting more.

2. More

The second time they had a sexual encounter had been in the gym showers. It was inevitable, Billy realized. The first time they fucked, he hadn't been in the right head space. It really wasn't supposed to happen. It was just supposed to be a normal party.. until his father walked in on him getting ready.

"Jesus. The hell are you doing in here?" His dad cursed as he barged into the teenager's room, probably in regard to the loud music. Billy sighed and cut the record player off.

"Goin' to a party. I'll be home later." He turned around and made his way to the door but was pushed back by his father's hand. Immediately his body went stiff as he stood up straight, looking his dad right in the eye as he neared him.

"You'll be here by one. No excuses. You have to take Max to school." He reminded Billy needlessly. Billy accidentally rolled his eyes at that, simply because he already did that every day, he didn't need to be reminded even though his dad thought so.

A hard slap across the face brought him back to his place as his father's obedient son. *Yes sir*, he corrected himself, and he was finally able to leave. The ride to the party consisted of angry tears, blasting his radio and reckless driving.

So he took his frustrations out in rough sex. That had been his intention all along. But he did not expect to do it with *King Steve*, the preppy asshole that apparently owned their high school. But once he saw him at that party there was no going back. He didn't expect to still want him after.

They were naked and soapy in the shower as they waited for everyone to leave. He walked over to the pretty boy and noted how he shook his head but made no effort to move. Billy smirked and then dropped to his knees. Steve just watched as he took him into his mouth, sucking roughly as Billy wrapped his tongue around the shaft.

Steve groaned as Billy looked him up at him and gripped at his hair.

Billy's eyes flashed with lust as Harrington fucked his face. Hargrove enjoyed the feeling of cock down his throat. He also liked the feeling of barely being able to breathe. It turned him on to the point where he could come without being touched. It was a sick trait he came to terms with long ago, just as he came to terms with liking guys in general. It was just a part of who he was.

"Gonna come," Steve announced before pulling out suddenly and sprayed his seed into Billy's open mouth. Hargrove spit the thick liquid onto the bathroom floor and stood up, just close enough to be standing chest to chest. Billy enjoyed seeing the anger in Harrington's eyes. Especially when he leaned forward and pressed his lips against the mouth of the slightly taller boy.

He prepared himself to be punched, but was instead kissed back with a fury. Billy smirked into the bruising kiss and let his hands run over Steve's body, and relished in the fact that he was doing the same to him.

The only thing that stopped them from continuing was the sound of the bell, signaling that the next class was about to start. They pulled apart and left one at a time to finish the rest of the day like nothing happened.

Billy knew that it wouldn't be the last time and he was grateful for that as there weren't many guys who enjoyed being with dudes in little Hawkins, Indiana. That's all it was to him, just a fuck.

What he didn't count on was actually falling in love with Steve Harrington. No, he would say that wasn't on his itinerary at all.

3. Sinful

Steve had lost track of how many times he and Billy had hooked up. A couple months had passed and they messed around a few times a week, and each time Steve swore it to be the last.

He still felt guilty after being with Billy. He felt like a total douche bag for doing that to Nancy of all people. He didn't understand why he was even doing it, he just knew he wanted it and he knew that it wasn't fair or right.

The guilt he'd feel was more about being with a guy than it was being a cheater, truthfully. Billy seemed to be so cool and natural about it, like it wasn't a huge fucking deal, and it was infuriating to Steve. But it did help each time they hooked up, because if they were both freaking out they'd get nowhere. And Steve definitely wanted to get somewhere with Billy.

It wasn't like he loved Hargrove. He loved Nancy. Sweet Nancy Wheeler with her doe eyes that just light up when he hugs her or kisses her in the hallway by her locker. That was the person he was in love with and he was screwing it up. And for what? A guy?

Billy Hargrove?

The guy with the gorgeous blue eyes and the crazy smile? The guy that drove Steve insane just by looking at him?

Yeah.. *that* guy.

Harrington sighed into his hands at his dining room table. He should be doing his essay, but he couldn't stop thinking about Billy's chest behind that barely buttoned shirt-*so sinful*.

The echo of his doorbell brought him out of his tormenting thoughts. He was home alone, as he usually was. His parents had very busy lives, so alone he had to be. He had a nanny up to the age of eleven, by that time his parents decided he was old enough to take care of himself, or at least be at Jonathon's house where Joyce could take care of him. So, in short, he had no choice but to be the one to open

the door.

Billy leaned against the door frame with his sickeningly charming smile, that same chest Steve was just fantasizing about in full view. Steve refrained from asking if he ever buttoned up his shirt like a normal person, simply because it was going to be off anyway at some point that night.

"I'm doing homework right now." Steve said as he let Billy in. The curly haired boy only shrugged as he made his way to the kitchen like he owned the place. He took one of Mr. Harrington's beers and sat with Steve, leaning back with his feet on the table. That didn't last though because brunette pushed them off, "Fucking gross, man. Were you raised in a barn?"

Billy only rolled his eyes at him and took a sip, leaning against the table with his arm touching Steve's. That simple contact felt like fire against the older boy's skin. He could feel those blue eyes on him and that burned too.

"Your introduction paragraph is shit, dude." Billy commented as he set the can down. "Fuck off." Steve gave in annoyance.

Billy chuckled and leaned in, studying the essay. Steve stayed quiet as he took in Billy's constructive criticism. Billy always had a way with words so didn't surprise the rich boy much that he was so good in English.

What did surprise him though was how comfortable it was just sitting like this, accepting Billy's help like he wasn't the most infuriating person in the world.

"Okay, so.. yeah. This sounds about right. You should at least get a B- with this." Billy concluded as he looked at Steve with that beautiful smile. *God, he's too cute*, Steve thought shamefully. He leaned in even closer and used his thumb to toy with the brunette's bottom lip.

Steve didn't need a verbal command to know that Billy wanted a reward for his actions. And he gave it to him. He gave into his temptations once more and kissed the gorgeous guy beside him, taking in his scents and the way he tasted. Billy moaned into the kiss

as he flicked his tongue against Steve's.

Before Harrington knew it he had Hargrove on his back on the dining room table, his hands inside Billy's shirt as he roamed his chest and sides. He could hear sharp intakes of breath coming from him the dirty blonde, and wrote it off as noises of pleasure. It wasn't until he ripped the shirt off and noticed the bruises that he realized they were actually sounds of pain.

"Billy..?" Steve hated how soft the name came out of his mouth-*hated* how all of a sudden the mood in the room changed. Big, dark purple bruises were more than visible on Billy's right side. It looked as though he had been kicked repeatedly.

"Don't you worry about that, princess. Finish taking off my clothes." Billy breathed out, tugging at the hem of Steve's shirt. The brunette hesitated, fingers running against the biggest bruise gently. He wondered what could have happened. What he most suspected was that Billy got into a fight, but there would be no way he'd let himself be on the ground long enough to let someone-

"Get out of your head and fuck me, *King Steve*." Billy's patronizing voice reminded Steve of how much he truly despised him, but he id as he was told anyway. He pulled his clothes off as well Billy's pants and boxers and pushed inside his tight entrance, his hand wrapped around the blonde's throat, just as he liked it.

Steve told himself he didn't care about Billy or where he got those bruises from and tried not to notice how careful he was actually being as to not hurt Billy further.

Billy Hargrove pissed Steve off, and he hated him with a burning passion. The only problem with that was, with that same passion, he was actually falling in love with him.

And that couldn't just, *happen*. So he told Billy again in a heavy breath that it'll never happen again after he pulls out of Billy's warmth, finishing inside of him, something he enjoyed doing all too much. The statement only made the gorgeous boy beneath him laugh, because even he knew that it wasn't true.

4. Breathe

Billy knew something was wrong when he felt like he couldn't breathe in the school hallway. Everything had been fine that day, besides the fact he kept thinking about hooking up with Steve. But that part had been normal to him, as he'd always find himself thinking about that. What wasn't normal, however, was his chest tightening after witnessing Steve Harrington kiss his girl.

In the five months of them messing around this definitely was *not* the first time he'd seen Steve love on his girlfriend. But it had been the first time he felt like he was actually dying seeing it occur. He did know that it was an anxiety attack as he'd seen his mom go through it a few times a week, but he hadn't experienced one in months.

He rushed his way outside of the building and just took in deep breaths. When he felt himself become less tense he rested his head in his hands with a sigh. *This isn't good*, he told himself. He shouldn't be feeling that way. This was supposed to be just for fun but it didn't feel fun right then.

He could hear his father's voice in the back of his telling him to stop being such a pussy, and so he stood up straight and made his expression stoic. He forced himself not to care as he made his way back inside. Steve was still there with Nancy, just talking away. Billy could feel his eyes on him though as he walked over to Willow, a sophomore who happened to have the biggest crush on Billy. Not much different from every other girl in the school but he couldn't care less really.

He could still feel an angry stare coming from Steve as he left with her. That made Billy excited in an odd way as he led Willow to his car. She sucked his cock and he laid his head back and thought of Steve. In that very moment he wanted to have Steve all to himself, fucking his face until he came, claiming him as his own.

And so Billy shut his eyes and imagined him in the passenger seat with his head in the blonde's lap, licking around the shaft and head. He gasped and laid his hand down on the girl's head, grateful for the fact that the texture of her hair was similar to Steve's. And in his

head, it was Harrington as he pushed down to bring his length deeper into the warm mouth.

"Gonna come, Princess," Billy accidentally said aloud as the familiar coils of heat reached his abdomen. Willow moaned at the sound of the pet name that she had no idea wasn't meant for her. He pretended that the sound came from *him* instead and thrust his hips up violently, his fingers knotting in the brown locks of hair. He came with a curse and filled the mouth he wanted so badly to be Steve's.

His breathing had been heavy as Willow pulled away, the fantasy over. She looked up at him with pleading eyes as though she was expecting something in return.

"Get out of my car." Billy's voice was low and dark as he turned away from the poor girl. He felt like shit when she muttered a broken *what?*

"Get. The. *Fuck*," Billy took in a deep breath to calm himself, "Out of my car." The blonde repeated and tears fell from her eyes before opening the door and leaving him alone with his thoughts. He closed his pants and threw his head back with a sigh.

He was such an asshole and he knew it. He didn't want to be that way, but it's just second nature to him. His mom used to tell him to watch his temper or he'd be all alone, but that was before she was sent away. Angry tears filled his eyes at the thought of his mother and immediately he blinked them away, and forced himself to think of other things.

He wondered when the feeling actually started. He wasn't exactly sure but it was probably when he started to spend the night at Steve's after hooking up, or more specifically the night Steve woke up from a nightmare calling for him and not for Nancy.

It had been storming that night pretty hard and it made Billy relaxed, whereas it put Steve on edge. He seemed irritable but made it clear that Billy didn't have to leave. Hargrove soon realized it was because the brunette didn't really want him to leave and he was more than fine with that.

Billy fell asleep just a few inches away from Steve, but never touching. They didn't cuddle. Or, rather, they didn't until that night.

"Billy-no-no-...*BILLY*-" The blonde woke up abruptly at the sound of his name and didn't waste time pinning his thrashing arms down so Steve wouldn't hurt himself and forced him to wake up, "It's okay, Harrington, you're okay." After a few minutes of that Steve finally calmed. Billy moved away to give him space, just to be pulled back in with long arms wrapped around him. He stiffened but stayed still, careful as to not set him off.

"Steve-" Billy started but was immediately cut off by the groggy boy in his arms.

"Shut up. Don't say anything." Steve whispered into Billy's chest. And so he didn't, he stayed silent as he hesitantly returned the embrace. Billy's heart thudded loudly at the feel of Steve's shaky breath against his skin and he could tell there was no way they'd be going back to sleep any time soon.

"It was a nightmare." Steve said after almost an hour of pure silence. Billy wanted to say *no shit*, but decided it was best not to be total dick in that moment.

"You were being killed right in front of me." There were many things wrong with that sentence. Why would he dream of stuff like that and why would he even care? Billy asked internally. And then he found himself actually asking outloud, and he almost wished he hadn't.

Steve explained everything to Billy. The Upside Down, the death of a girl named Barbara, and a kid who could move things with her mind. He told Billy that he'd seen the face of a monster and that monster shows up in his dreams and kills the people he cares about most.

"You care about me?" Steve groaned at Billy's question and pushed at his chest. The blonde supposed he didn't need an answer because he already knew. Ever since that night he came over after his father had pushed him down and kicked him like ten times, Steve had been a little kinder, and it increased in a way every time Billy came by with a new bruise or cut.

"You probably think I'm crazy."

"I've known crazy, princess. And you're not that." Billy said matter of factly. He didn't exactly believe Steve, but he could pretty much handle anything by that point. His mom would see things that weren't there and would even hurt herself sometimes in an attempt to make it all stop and Billy had been the only one there that could help her. He explained to Steve that his dad had given up; sent her away, remarried and moved away to start a new life.

So, no, Billy did not think Steve was crazy, as he didn't even really believe his mom was. Harrington sat quietly through the whole story and just cuddled even closer to Billy once it was over.

Of course it had been that night. The first time he held Steve in his arms had been the night his feelings turned into something more. After that night Steve stopped saying each time was the last, so deep down Billy hoped on some level he felt the same way.

5. Moments

After a while it became hard to pretend with Nancy. Steve still cared for her deeply but the love he felt was slowly fading away. And that was scary to Steve because being with Nancy would mean his life would be normal. Being with Billy meant things would be hard and complicated. There would only be a handful of people who would accept them and it would probably only be Joyce, Hopper and the kids. His mom, maybe, but he definitely wouldn't want to risk it.

So for now he kept what was easy out in the open and kept what was hard, a secret. That turned out to be a little complicated though when he saw Billy lead a girl outside, to do whatever with. He knew it wasn't fair because he had just been kissing Nancy but it wasn't like loved her anymore. That pissed Steve off because if it wasn't for *him*, he wouldn't be feeling that way at all.

"You alright, Steve?" Nancy's voice brought him back down to reality where he was there with his arm wrapped around her waist. Her doe eyes seemed sad as she tilted her head and waited for his answer. Steve knew Nancy wasn't stupid and that she'd notice him straying, but for the moment Steve was mad at Billy so he chose to pretend a little longer.

"I'm fine." He lied with a small smile. She looked down and held her books against her small chest. Steve instantly felt guilty. He shouldn't be doing this to her, it wasn't right. But it was already too late to stop himself.

"I have to go. Jonathan and I have a project in History due today so.. yeah. See you at lunch." Nancy stood on her tip toes and placed a goodbye kiss on his cheek before walking away.

No, Steve was not alright. *I'm a piece of shit*, he thought to himself as the bell rang. Billy was nowhere to be found and neither was the girl, so Steve sulked his way to his next class, thinking about the guy that was damn near ruining his life.

Billy took it upon himself to have a sick day. There was no way he'd

be able to sit in his classes and feel like he was feeling in that moment, so he took his car and went on a drive. If this were California he'd have the windows down to feel the wind in his hair as he pushed seventy. Couldn't really do that in Hawkins due to the smell of cow shit but he still blasted his music and just drove. His mom and Steve were nowhere to be found in his mind as he listened to the beautiful sounds his car made, and for the moment he felt at peace.

The moment didn't last nearly enough though as he soon realized it was time to pick up Max. He didn't know why but as the months passed he hated her a little less. He didn't want to admit it but he had been less tense since he'd been messing around with Steve. It also opened his eyes to how much of a damn hypocrite he could be.

Billy was not perfect. In fact he was a very flawed and damaged human being. Views pushed on him by his father made him hateful, made him hate himself. He was fifteen when he came to terms with liking guys but it was still hard moving passed the views he was taught.

On her good days his mom was the type to tell Billy to treat everyone the same regardless of one's differences, but his dad would tell him not to listen to her because her brain didn't work right. Going against his dad was painful, so he didn't.

When he caught Max with Lucas Sinclair two weeks prior it had been ugly. He left just a peck against her cheek and then he wasn't because he had been lifted up by Billy and pushed up against the brick wall of the middle school building.

Take care of your sister, Billy. It'll just be worse for you if you don't.

His father's voice was always there, dictating just about everything he did. His fist raised and he would have hurt the boy if it wasn't for Max hitting Billy with her skateboard.

She screamed her head off at him as he finally let Lucas go. He stood tall beside her with his fists clenched. He had been angry and Billy didn't blame him at all. He was a horrible person and he knew it.

He left them without a word and let Max take her board home. That was how it had been for a couple weeks and he knew if his dad found out he'd be in a hell of a lot of trouble. If he was honest with himself it wasn't even that. He genuinely felt bad and it didn't feel right not to make it better. He used to not care but he supposed he wasn't that person anymore.

The thing was he didn't know how to make it better. So the only thing he knew to expect when he pulled up to pick up Max was her yelling at him, and he sure didn't have it in him to yell back.

"It's been two weeks! Two weeks you've been making me skate all the way home. I've had to catch rides some days. The only reason I haven't told on you is 'cause I don't want you to get hit. I don't even know why I care with the shit you pulled-"

"I'm gay, Max." The words were out before he could stop them and the car filled with a deafening silence. No more screaming from Max, just Billy's confession hanging in the air, suffocating him.

6. Sulk

Billy and Max both sat in the school parking lot in silence. He was too stiff to move, to even start the car. He felt like it was closing in around him as he waited for a response from her. He didn't exactly know why he even told her seeing as she had a direct link to his dad, her mother. And though he'd accepted his sexuality long ago, his dad would not and he was pretty sure he would kill him. That thought made it even harder to breathe, and the only thing that kept him from kicking her out of the car was Max finally speaking.

"I knew that already. Back in Cali.. I saw you with a couple guys, and I.. I didn't care. I didn't tell my mom or your dad." She sighed, playing with her book bags zipper as she spoke, seemingly nervous with the first real conversation she had with her step brother.

"That's not an excuse though. You don't get to go on a racist rampage on my boyfriend because you're having a gay panic." Max said sternly, finally looking up at him. Billy turned to look at her as well, and could see she was shaking. She was scared. She was scared of him and that hurt more than he thought possible.

"It wasn't.. *that*. I don't have an excuse. I'm.. I'm not a good person, Max." He toyed with the keys in his hand and felt like shit for the millionth time that day. Max leaned back in the chair and exhaled another sigh.

"You're not a good person." She said finally, and it felt like a weight fell on top of him, "but you can be. You really could be a good person if you tried." It was almost funny to him how much she sounded like his mom in that moment.

"I'll try, okay?" Billy conceded as he started his Camaro, concentrating on the beautiful sound of his engine and not on how he feels about Steve Harrington, and anything else that made it hard for oxygen to flow through his body like it was supposed to.

Nancy never showed up to lunch. Neither did Jonathan. They were his only friends, and they were not there, so he sat alone.

Billy was still nowhere to be found. Steve had assumed at first that he went off with that girl, Willow. He knew that couldn't be the case once he saw her in the corner of the cafeteria with her friends. She was crying in another girl's arms and he had no doubt that it was Billy's handiwork.

Billy was such an ass but Steve was no better.

When school let out he didn't even try looking for Nancy. He couldn't force himself to look at her like he loved for any longer that day. He went straight home and sulked. He wasn't sure if Billy was coming over but he hoped he would.

This sucks, Steve thought as he laid on the big couch in his living room. He shouldn't have followed Billy to that room those many months ago. He shouldn't have kissed him back. He shouldn't have fucked him.

He shouldn't have fallen in love with him.

Not here in this little town. In Cali. Definitely in San Francisco. But they're not there. It's Hawkins, Indiana, and Steve was pretty sure the people there thought being gay was some type of urban legend.

That was another thing that left Steve more confused than ever. He didn't feel gay, but he didn't feel straight either. He could still have sex with Nancy and enjoy it. He groaned at the thought of being with Nancy that way and turned over onto his side.

He did enjoy sex with her. But it wasn't the same as it was with Billy. With him he could be as rough and as aggressive as he wanted, whereas with Nancy he forced himself to be gentle. And the biggest problem of them all had been his stupid feelings and how he had been starting to feel the urge to hold Billy after sex. He didn't really feel that way for Nancy anymore and he knew that it was selfish to put her through that.

Hours pass and nothing. No knock and no ring of his doorbell. At some point he decided to wait and just shut his eyes at the same time. It wasn't his intention to fall asleep but that was what happened, and his dream consisted of Billy on all fours on that same

couch, screaming for nothing but Steve. The dream had been a nice escape from the reality where he currently wanted to kiss him gently and hold onto him.

Steve, fuck me, dream Billy's voice wasn't as patronizing. It was a little softer, with a little less edge to it. It wasn't the same, and Steve wanted it to be. But for the moment he went along with the scenario and did as the dream Billy asked.

Steve fucked him hard and gripped at his curls. It was nothing compared to the real thing, but the sight of his cock disappearing and reappearing inside Billy's ass was a beautiful thing. So it was pretty annoying when a vigorous knock came from Steve's front door.

Don't answer it, Dream Billy breathed, and so Steve didn't. He kept on until the knocking got louder and louder, until his dream eventually dissipated.

He woke with a very aggravated groan and speed walked to the door. If was too tired to expect Billy there on the other side, he was *definitely* too tired to be expecting an obviously high Billy Hargrove.

That night was going to be a long one, Steve soon realized.

7. Apologize

Billy dropped Max off and sat in his car, contemplating on what to do. He knew what he wanted to do was go on to Steve's and have their usual hook up session, but he could feel that it was going to be different that time around. He didn't know how to handle it.

He didn't know how to be a good person. Max's advice for him as she got out of the car was to go apologize to Lucas first. Billy sighed because the better part of him knew she was right. With a couple deep breaths he used Max's directions and went on to the Sinclair house.

He didn't know what he was going to say exactly, but that didn't stop him from knocking on the door. He hoped his parents wouldn't answer the door simply because he didn't feel like being charming in that moment. Thankfully, it was Lucas that answered. Or not, seeing the glare the boy had on his face.

"If you're here to try to hit me again I'll call the police." Lucas said through the barely opened door. Billy sighed and ran his fingers through his curly mullet.

"I'm not gonna hit you. I just wanna talk." For a split second, Billy saw fear in Lucas' eyes. But it was just for a second and then he put a brave face on and nodded his head. He stepped out onto his porch and shut the door behind him.

Billy shut his eyes and took in a deep breath. He had no idea what to say to make it better, so he just decided to be honest. Even if it made him look horrible, he had to start being honest if things were going to get better.

"I could stand right here and tell you all day that my father made me the way I am, and yeah, that'd be mostly true. But I'm aware of the fact that I'm my own person, and should take responsibility when I fuck up. And I fucked up when I decided to lay a hand on a kid. What I'm tryin' to say is.." Billy watched at his face changed from guarded to skeptical. Billy supposed it was a good thing, so he kept going.

"I'm sorry, Lucas."

Sinclair considered it for a moment. He paced back and forth and Billy tried his hardest not to groan and roll his eyes. He let Lucas take his time to decide whether or not he accepted the apology or not. Even if he didn't, Billy knew he at least tried, and would still continue to try to do better in the future. *Try*, being the key word in Billy's mind.

"Okay. Fine." Lucas said as he finally stood still. He crossed his arms as a smirk crept across his lips. "I'll accept your apology if you give me a ride home *and* to the arcade for.. a month."

"A week." Billy wagered as he pulled out a cigarette and his lighter.

"Two weeks. Final offer." Billy sighed in defeat at that, and gave in. Lucas had a smug look on his face as he turned to his front door.

"Tell Max hey for me." He said as he shut the door behind him. Billy found himself chuckling as he blew out smoke. When he got into his car he thought about Steve. He thought about how much he wanted to tell him how he felt. It seemed silly to Billy that he could apologize for being a racist shit head but not be able to tell someone you've fallen in love with them.

He took in another drag and let it out. Billy knew he'd need something stronger than a cigarette to get him through that. And so he drove to Tommy H's house and knocked on his door.

"Look who it is, the big and the bad Billy Har-"

"Imma need you to shut the fuck up and give me a gram, okay, Tommy?" Billy interrupted with his not so friendly grin. Tommy stammered for a short moment but nodded his head. Billy waited outside and thought about how stupid it was to be doing that. It just helped with his anxiety sometimes. He held on to that thought as he paid and stuffed the baggie in his pocket.

It was already dark by the time he pulled into Steve's driveway. There were no other cars as usual. His parents had been back the week before but they soon got called into another business trip. Billy

knew that Steve didn't really like being alone, but he pushed through. Billy hated to think about what happens when he wakes up alone after a nightmare.

It probably wasn't a smart thing to be pulling out his weed and his pipe from his glove compartment. But it was too dark outside for anyone to notice and there was a good distance between Steve's house and his neighbors so he figured he'd be fine.

The first hit hurt. It'd been awhile since he last smoked. The second hit was fine, but by the third he felt a nice buzz. He got two more in before he finally felt ready. His anxiety was gone and he felt as though he floated all the way to the door. He didn't even realize how hard he had been knocking until an annoyed Steve Harrington harshly pulled the door open.

8. High

Steve mumbled a series of curses as he pulled Billy inside. The blonde laughed as Steve dragged him to the living room. The brunette pinched the bridge of his nose and tried not to go off. He wasn't even really upset with Billy, he was just tired and didn't feel like dealing with anything.

"I'm not a good person." Billy said suddenly, his bloodshot eyes wide. Steve shook his head and ran his fingers through his hair.

"What are you even talking about, man? Sure you're a good person." Steve sighed as he tried to get the bulky blonde to sit down. Billy shook his head and took a step back.

"I'm trying to be better, Steve. I wanna be better." Billy tilted his head and shrugged his shoulders. Confusion filled Harrington's tired features as he tried to make sense of whatever Billy was talking about.

"You're in my house high as fuck, Billy." Steve reminded him. Billy laughed again and leaned against the back of the couch.

"If I wasn't I'd be having a breakdown and you don't wanna see that, princess. Let daddy speak, okay?" Billy did his tongue thing at what Steve assumed to be the anger that flashed in his brown eyes. *God Billy could be so damn annoying*, Steve thought to himself as he did as he was told, regardless of that little fact.

"I know what I am and what I'm not." Billy's smiling face turned serious as he looked at Steve up and down. It made him feel weird inside and the brunette wasn't sure what to do with that.

"And what I am is in love. With *you*," Billy licked his lips and turned away to face the wall. "I understand if you don't ever wanna mess with me again. I know you're not queer like me or anything so if, you know-"

Steve didn't have to hear any more after that. He pulled Billy in by his barely buttoned shirt and kissed him deeply. The blonde tensed

just for a second before he kissed back with vigor. Clothes were shed as their tongues moved together, and onto the couch they went. Billy laid flat on his back as Steve straddled him, the brunette's hands roaming over his chest, teasing his nipples every so often.

Steve removed himself from the kiss, just to take a moment to look at the beautiful blonde. His eyes-his stupid, beautiful eyes. They sparkled in the dim light, and honestly Steve felt silly thinking such a thing, but it was true. He was simply captivated by the shape of his eyes, by those long lashes. Steve leaned down and peppered kisses all over Billy's face, relishing in the sound of his laugh.

Steve sighed as he moved back to look at him. His hand slowly caressed Billy's cheek, his thumb running over the beautiful boy's bottom lip. The feeling Steve had all day felt too strong in that moment. He took in a deep breath and his brown eyes opened slowly, taking him all in before he finally said the words he'd been dying to say for weeks now.

"I love you, Billy Hargrove. You piss me off," They both laughed as Steve continued, "But I love you so much. In a way that makes me mad *and* happy at the same time." Steve kissed down Billy's body, listening to every shudder of breath.

"I never wanna stop." The brunette finished as made his way in between Billy's legs. He looked up at the blue eyed boy as he brought Billy's length in his hands. He'd only done this once before and Billy had accidentally choked him, so he got mad and said he'd never do it again

Well, he wasn't mad anymore. He wanted to do it for Billy. And so he licked up the shaft and then to the head, where he swirled his tongue around it. Billy moaned and ran his fingers through Steve's hair. Billy laid back, his moans small while accompanied by erratic breaths.

Billy was probably at the stage of his high where it felt like waves going through his body, Steve guessed. Billy had told him once that laying down while high is his most relaxing experience, and the brunette couldn't help but wonder how that felt along side of having his cock sucked.

Steve brought the length down into his mouth, as much as he could with his inexperience. He did what Billy would do to him and it left the blonde's chest heaving. Making Billy feel good like that was the hottest thing in the world to Steve.

The only indication Steve had that Billy was about to come was the constant shaking of his thighs. That still didn't prepare him for how much filled his mouth. It was strange and new, and he didn't know what to do with it. He made the sudden decision to just swallow seeing as Billy did that sometimes.

A breathy laugh came from the boy under him. With shaking hands Steve was pulled into a kiss, a slow and loving lock of lips. Steve had a smile on his face as he pulled away to lay in the crook of his neck. He tried not to put all of his weight on Billy but he was still so sleepy.

"You said you never want this to stop, right?" Billy asked as his nails grazed over Steve's skin. The brunette's hands smoothed over Billy's chest and found its way to those curls he loved so much. Steve nodded in response to the question and placed little kisses on the blonde's neck. Billy took in a deep breath and stopped the comforting movement of his fingertips.

"I can't breathe when I see you with her." Billy admitted, his voice tight. Steve propped himself on his elbow and looked down at those eyes, and he knew Billy was serious.

"You want me to.. I have to break up with Nancy?" Of course he'd have to do that, Steve thought. He had no idea Billy felt that way. He felt like even more of an asshole then.

"You don't have to. If you want her then, you know.. I'll understand." Billy breathed out as maneuvered around Steve to get the quilt that had been folded neatly over the back of the couch. He brought it over their naked bodies and held Steve like it was going to be the last time.

Steve didn't want it to be the last time. He knew that in his core. He had no idea what the future would hold for them but there was no way he'd stop himself from feeling that if he could help it. Steve believed wholeheartedly that Billy deserved more than just being his

dirty little secret, as he also believed Nancy deserved true happiness. He was pretty sure Nancy knew just as well as he did that she wouldn't get that with him.

The situation itself felt crazy and stupid but that was their life. They were both assholes who needed to start being better, and in order to do that they needed to be honest.

"I only want you." *Always*, Steve added silently.

9. Pretty

Billy spent that weekend at Steve's house. He woke up early Saturday morning and kissed Steve's forehead as he slept. He went to his part time job at the garage in town and tried not to seem too happy. It was hard because he'd never been that happy before in his life. His boss didn't seem to care though as long as he got his work done.

For the first time he wasn't thinking about what his dad would think or anyone else, and it was freeing. He let himself wonder what they'd do later on if they worked out. He'd been saving up his money for awhile, so maybe by graduation they'd have enough to move away from this little town.

Billy knew if they *did* end up working out as a couple, it would just get harder and harder to keep it a secret. Because at some point you'd want to move in with the person you love, and that might look weird to the inhabitants of Hawkins. Two grown men living together? Just wouldn't look right here in Billy's opinion. He doubted there'd be riots or anything like that, he just felt like it'd be better to live somewhere with a little more acceptance of people like them.

His old home in Los Angeles was at least a little better than Hawkins in that regard, still not as good as San Francisco. His mom isn't in San Francisco though. As far as Billy knows, she's still in that asylum where his dad dropped her off, back in Los Angeles.

Billy wondered if she'd remember him if he visited. He also wondered if she'd be happy for him.

He came out to her at fifteen. He had picked a day where she had been pretty lucid and said those words he'd probably never be able to say to his dad. *I like boys, mom.* She just smiled and hugged him. *That's fine, baby. Momma loves you.*

"Hargrove, your shift is over."

And with that, he left, his thoughts ever present in his mind. He drove to his place first to get the essentials: Clothes, deodorant, toothbrush, lube. The basics. Luckily for him, Neil and Susan were at

work and not at the house. Max wasn't there either, but he assumed that she was at the arcade with her little boyfriend.

He found his mind wandering again as he went to get a pizza for him and Harrington. Well firstly he lamented his life trying to imagine anything better than the pizza near his old house, but chose to deal with it once he got it and realized it didn't smell or look too bad. He knew that Steve liked it so that was good enough for him.

He was hesitant at first to get out of his car when he saw bikes lined up near Steve's BMW. He knew Harrington was sort of like a babysitter, but he still wasn't sure if Steve wanted his boyfriend to just pop up with all those kids there.

Billy shook his head at the word *boyfriend*. They didn't have a label at that point. As far as Billy knew they were just friends who happened to fuck sometimes.. but they were also two guys that just confessed their love for each other, so there was that. Not to mention Steve hadn't gotten around to breaking up with Nancy.

Billy just sighed as he shut the door behind him with pizza box in hand. That little detail about the Wheeler girl put a damper on his mood. He forgot about that though once he reached the front door and saw that it was already open.

He slowly stepped inside and walked toward the kitchen to set down the pizza, but what he definitely didn't expect to see, was a kid in the middle of the room with blood running down her nose pouring milk in a glass.. *With. Her. Mind.*

Billy cursed as the box fell from his hand.

"Pizza!" A curly haired boy screamed as he saved the box. Luckily it stayed perfectly in tact. Another boy who looked a little like Nancy Wheeler stared yelling his head off, asking who the hell Billy was and that he saw something he wasn't supposed to.

"Billy? Are you okay?" It was Steve. He walked over to the blonde and put a hand on his back. Hargrove looked over the crowd of kids in disbelief. The only two he recognized was Max and Lucas. He didn't know the one eating the pizza he just bought, and same with

the boy yelling at him. He *definitely* didn't know the girl with the mind tricks, who just stared at him like she was trying to find something. It made his head hurt.

"Yeah, I'm.. I'm okay. You told me about the girl." Billy said through a humorless laugh. Billy had a weird, haunting feeling come over him as he realized the rest of Steve's story must've been true too.

"Calm down, Mike! He's my brother." Max screamed in Billy's defense. That was heart warming to see. There was also another boy, a smaller looking one in the corner behind the Wheeler look alike. He stared at Billy too, his pale cheeks turning a little pink. This was way too weird for Billy Hargrove. He turned to Steve with pleading eyes, in an attempt to ask for any type of help.

"Alright, guys, you're in my house. Either calm down or go home." And so they did, but not without a little pouting. And then Steve finally introduced all of his kids. The boy with the curls who was already on his third slice was Dustin Henderson, kinda like his sidekick, Steve added in a whisper. The blushing boy was called Will Byers, and apparently he came with a pretty wild story that Harrington promised he'd tell him later. The kid who had been yelling was named Mike Wheeler and that just made too much sense to Billy.

And finally, the girl with thick, short curls coming from her head was called Eleven. A weird name but Billy didn't feel like questioning *anything* at that moment.

"And guys, this is Billy Hargrove. He knows about everything and he's cool, so don't be a dick to him. He's.. he's important." Steve informed them with a light blush coming from across his features. Billy felt real good after hearing him say that, even if it was in front of a bunch of kids. The group just shrugged their shoulders except for two. Max and Eleven both stared intensely at them and that had been awkward.

What had been more awkward was Eleven walking up to him, tilting her head as she studied his face.

"Uh.. hi." Billy smiled down at her.

"Pretty." Was all she said before taking a slice of pizza and walking back to Mike. The group laughed and so did Steve. The hand on his back wrapped around his waist as the brunette leaned against him.

"You *are* really pretty." Steve whispered in his ear and Billy smirked. He wished he was alone with Steve so he could have his way with him. Dustin asked if they could finally get in his pool and Steve said sure, and all the kids went outside except for Max.

Billy was about ninety percent sure she knew. Despite all the dumb shit he'd said about Max in the past, she was a smart kid. She leaned against the counter with her arms crossed over her chest.

"My brother and my babysitter? I'm pretty sure that's a title of an erotic novel somewhere." Billy rolled his eyes at her and practically shoved her out the door. Steve's laugh wasn't far behind as he followed them.

For the moment, things were good. Things were happy. Billy wondered how long it was gonna last.

10. Normal

It was that following Monday when Steve finally ended it with Nancy. Him and Billy both woke up early for school as the weekend sadly ended. Things had been so playful that morning as they did their hair together in Steve's big bathroom. Billy wrapped his arms around him and kissed him, and then Steve did the same to him.

The mood changed though as they walked outside and to their cars. Billy's blue eyes filled with seriousness as he said his next words, and it let Steve know that it was now or never.

"It has to be today, Steve. I wanna keep having weekends and mornings with you, but in order to do that.. it has to be today. I'll see you at school." Steve took Billy's words to heart as he pulled up at Nancy's house. She got into the passenger side and she did not look well. In fact, she looked sad, which made it all so much harder.

"Nancy, there's something we have to talk about." Steve sighed as he looked her. She tucked her curls behind her ear and nodded.

"Yes we do." Nancy said as she looked up at him. Steve took in a deep breath and thought about how he could say the words that he needed to say but his mind drew a blank. All he knew was something needed to be said or he wouldn't get what he truly wanted. So when he opened his mouth, nothing could stop what escaped from it.

"I cheated."

Silence filled the car as they both gave each other wide eyed glances. The words were spoken at the same exact time by both of them, and it almost didn't make any sense but then it made all the sense in the world. Strangely enough they both burst out into laughter, amused by the situation they both found themselves in.

"I cheated on you with our best friend, Jonathan." Nancy said through another laugh. Steve chortled at the thought of Jonathan and Nancy together but it made so much sense that it made him laugh harder.

"Yeah, well, I cheated on you with a guy." They were practically wheezing after that. When they finally calmed a tense silence filled the air around them. Where there was once wheezing from laughter, it was soon replaced with light sobbing.

"I love him, Steve. I've always loved him. And I love you but just.. not in the same way as Jonathan." Steve took her hand as she cried and nodded in understanding. He knew exactly what she meant.

"Anyway," She sighed as she wiped her tears away. "Tell me about your guy?" She asked with a smile, because before they started dating, they were best friends. It seemed she was trying to get back to that point, and Steve was all for it.

And so he told her all about *his* guy, how he pissed Steve off to no end but still made him feel a love he didn't know could exist. She smiled through it all and squeezed his hand as he spoke, giving him the support he never thought he'd get.

"So you're.. hm," Nancy pulled her hand away from Steve as she tried to find the word, but once she found it she looked back at him with a smile, "You're bisexual?" He blinked at the sound of the word, confusion laced in his features. Nancy explained that it's a term people use when they're attracted to both sexes.

"Didn't know there was a word for it." Steve admitted once he finally started the car. They were gonna be late but it was worth it.

"Not many people do. Especially here. It took Barb awhile before she found it out." She said the name with a ghost of a smile on her lips. "We were eleven when she told me she liked both. She found the word for it years later in the town library, called me as soon as she got home. She had been so happy to find that." Nancy stared out the window as they drove and Steve felt the bad feeling again.

He tended to forget that growing up Nancy had another life that didn't revolve around him and Jonathan. He and Byers didn't hang around Barb, but he wished they did, he wished he got to know her. But they didn't, *he* didn't, and so Barb was just the girl who got taken at *his* party, at *his* house. He knew he'd probably always feel guilty about that.

"Is it too soon to ask if we can go on a double date?" Nancy asked, probably to change the subject. Steve laughed and shook his head at her. He was glad they could still be friends and have it be normal.

It wouldn't be normal anymore though, Steve realized once he pulled into the parking lot and saw Billy leaning against his car, smoking a cigarette. He wanted to walk up to him and just kiss him just like he would had done with Nancy, but he couldn't. In a way they'd still have to be a secret, but Steve didn't care as long the people that actually mattered knew.

And frankly they didn't have to show off their love for it be real. It just would be nice is all.

11. Feminine

Billy was really disappointed when he saw Nancy get out of Steve's car. To him, that meant he had made his choice. He figured he was wrong though when they both started walking up to him. He put out the cigarette he had been smoking and stood tall, as he expected to be slapped across the face by Nancy.

He was beyond surprised when she actually had her hand out to shake his. His brow raised as he returned the gesture, giving Steve a confused look from behind her. The brunette just smiled at him, letting Billy know that he did in fact make a choice, and it had been him. And apparently Nancy was taking it really well.

As they walked into the building Billy was brought up to speed about everything, how Steve and Nancy were done and how Wheeler was dating Jonathan Byers anyway. The only thing Billy cared about though was having Steve all to himself, and he got that. But he guessed it wouldn't hurt to have friends like Nancy and Jonathan, he decided as they walked up to Byers as he stood by his locker.

Nancy walked up to him and took his hand. He looked up at Steve with a terrified gleam in his eyes. Steve only shrugged as he discreetly took Billy's hand in his. Just for a second though to show there were no hard feelings at all. Jonathan nodded in understanding before looking down at Nancy with his features now relaxed, a smile on his face now that they weren't a secret anymore.

Billy didn't expect things to go so smoothly. It made him feel on edge, like something was gonna go wrong any second because there was just no way things could just work out for him. Seemingly though the rest of the school day went on without a hitch. Even at lunch when Billy decided to sit with Steve and his friends instead of Tommy H and Carol. Nancy had asked Billy how he felt about going on a double date and he said sure seeing as he was off from work that night. He got to hold Steve's hand under the table for a few minutes before lunch had ended. That had been real nice.

Once school was over he went to the middle school building to pick up Max and Lucas seeing as that day started his deal with Sinclair.

Billy had a bad feeling when he only saw Lucas and not his sister.

"Where's Max?" Billy asked as Sinclair put his bike in the back.

"She got signed out like.. an hour ago? I don't know why, she wasn't sick or anything." Lucas got into the car and once the door shut Billy felt a sinking feeling deep in his gut. Something was wrong. He rushed to get Sinclair home despite him begging him to slow down. He couldn't though, not with the way his heart was beating. He rushed Lucas out once they got to his house and the poor boy wasn't even able to get his bike when Billy pulled the loudest U-turn his neighborhood had probably ever heard.

He never thought about how not being home as much would affect his home life. He never thought about Max or if she was safe. He cursed at himself as pulled into his street and in front of his house. He got out slowly, dread filling his being as he got halfway, it wasn't until he heard Max screaming did he finally run to the door and swing it open.

Neil Hargrove had his hands gripping the girl's arms hard, face inches from hers as he spoke.

"Shut the door."

Billy's eyes never left Max's as he did as he was told. Max tried to hold back her sobs but it was hard seeing as she was being pushed up against the bookshelf in the living room.

"Come on, dad. She's just a kid. How about you.. um, let her go." Billy suggested through a stammer. Neil pushed her into the wall even harder and she yelped out in pain.

"Not until I get the truth." Neil whispered, his voice filled with malice. "I'm gonna ask you one more time, Maxine. Are you messing around with a black guy?" Max's eyes were burning with rage as she spit in his face. She would have gotten hit if it wasn't for Billy pulling him back. Max gave him a grateful look before running to her room.

"Leave her alone." Billy found the strength to say. Neil laughed as he looked at his son up and down, disgust evident in his eyes.

"You were next anyway, son. Seeing as both my kids think they can go behind my back doing shit they aren't supposed to." Billy's blood ran cold at the sudden realization that his father knew.

"You must think I'm goddamn stupid if you thought I wasn't gonna notice months of you sneaking around." Neil said after he pushed Billy against the front door, *hard*. The blonde sucked in air as the back of his head made contact with the wood.

"Your mom kept putting all that shit in your head when you were little about *love* and *acceptance*. I see now that no matter how hard I tried to teach you right, you still turned out to be a weak little faggot. Guess I'll just have to fix that." And with that his dad punched his jaw, making him stumble to his knees.

"What'd I teach you about planting your feet, boy?" Neil asked as he punched him again, making Billy fall to side. His dad his kicked at his ribs. He had his work boots on, Billy realized. They hurt the most. He had only gotten kicked a couple times before his dad forced him back on his feet. He dragged the already winded boy to the couch and made him sit down.

"You have hair just like your mom. Long and curly. *Feminine*." His dad added as he neared him. "Not fit for a boy." He whispered darkly as scissors came into Billy's line of sight. The blonde tried to get up but he was pushed back down.

"Don't. Fucking. Move." His dad warned as brought the scissors to his curly locks. Billy let out a shuddered breath as the first cut fell to his lap. Silent tears ran down his cheeks as more and more of his hair were being chopped off. His head hurt.

A knock on the door made Neil stop and for the moment Billy was thankful. That was until the door opened and the voice he recognized was Steve's, asking if he could see him. *No*, Billy thought, *go home*, The blonde couldn't make the words come out. He was shaking as his father told Steve to come in.

"Billy?" Steve looked completely mortified by the sight of him. *Run*, Hargrove wanted to scream but he felt as though he had no fight left. That changed though once his dad took Steve by his throat and

pushed him against the door.

After that it was all a blur for Billy. The only thing he really remembered was Steve yelling for him to stop. *Stop what?* Billy asked himself as everything finally went dark.

12. Dangerous

Steve's parents were home when he got there after school. They hugged him and told him how much they missed him. He had to admit that he missed them too, as any person would. He was sitting in the kitchen with his mom as she prepared dinner. His father was in his usual spot in the living room, watching tv.

"Anything interesting happen while we were gone, sweetie?" His mom asked, her green eyes bright as she smiled at him. Steve returned the smile as he leaned back against the counter.

"Uh, well.. I broke up with Nancy. Or, rather, we broke up with each other." Steve waited for a shocked reaction, but there wasn't one. Not one he was expecting anyway.

"I see. Hm. Suppose it can't be helped." Mrs. Harrington shrugged as she chopped up chicken breasts. When Steve asked her what she meant she admitted that she always thought Nancy was a nice girl, but didn't really care for her as as his girlfriend.

"But, like.. why?" Steve found himself asking out of pure curiosity.

"She's a good girl and you're a good boy. That just leads to marriages that no one was ready for, and more often than not it leads to loneliness." She sighed as she put the cut up chicken in an oiled pan. Steve purposely ignored the obvious projection of feelings and let her continue.

"You're young, Steve. You need someone fun, maybe a little dangerous." She said with a playful wink. He grinned and looked down, tapping his foot nervously against the linoleum flooring.

"That's the other thing I wanted to talk to you about. I met some-" And before he could finish his life altering sentence the phone rang. Steve sighed as he walked to the hallway to pick it up.

"Steve? Steve, this is Lucas. I could be wrong but I think something is wrong with Max and probably Billy. When I told him she got signed out he booked it, he was going like seventy, dude. I didn't have time

to even get my bike out of the car." Lucas said in a rush. He explained that Max told him before that her step dad was a total asshole, "She told me that he hits Billy a lot and-" That was all Steve needed to hear before he hung up.

"Hun? Who was that on the phone?" His mom asked as he ran to get his keys. He said it was just a friend and that he had to go. Steve knew his mom was probably really disappointed because she wanted to spend time with him but he had to make sure Billy was okay. *He has to be okay*, he said to himself as he gripped at his stirring wheel.

We're supposed to go on a date tonight. Supposed to be okay.

He tried to act calm as he parked his car behind Billy's. He took in deep breaths as he walked to his front door. It took a minute before the door opened, and he was greeted with a red and sweaty Mr. Hargrove.

"Can I.. uh, is Billy here? Can I see him?" Steve asked as politely as he could. The older man looked at him up and down, sucking his teeth as his gaze came back up to Steve's eyes.

"He's just in here, come on in." He pulled Steve inside and shut the door behind him with a hard slam. The first thing he noticed was Billy looking up at him with wide, broken eyes. His long curls had been cut unevenly, shaking as silent sobs wracked his body.

"Billy?" Steve called out his name in pure disbelief. His beautiful boy was broken and stripped of his confidence. He looked over at Neil, seething with rage. Steve wanted to hurt him. He never got the chance though as Neil pushed him against the front door with his hand gripping tightly around his throat.

Everything happened so fast after that. Neil was pushed off of Steve and Billy was on top of him, beating him.

"Don't touch *him*-don't *ever* fucking touch him-" He yelled as he gave blow after blow to his father's face. Steve begged for him to stop, but it was like he couldn't understand him. Finally his movements slowed and he fell limp against the floor next to his bleeding father.

Steve put Billy's face in his hands in a panic, calling for him, trying to make him wake up but he wouldn't. He barely even noticed the front door swinging open with Hopper and his gun raised. Max ran in from behind him and fell on her knees beside Steve.

"He won't wake up." Steve muttered as tried to shake Billy. *Jesus*, Steve heard Hopper say as he called for an ambulance. *His hair*, Max mumbled as she studied him and looked over his bruised knuckles. Steve ran his fingers over what was left of the mangled hair.

"You're still pretty, baby." *No matter what.*

13. Anger

Everything was too bright, too much light, he couldn't see. His head hurt. Too many voices. He couldn't make out who was who. He wanted his mom.

"We have to get him to surgery right now."

Billy didn't know who needed surgery and he didn't really care, all he really knew was that it was too loud. He wanted to tell everyone to shut the fuck up, but he couldn't talk. Something happened though a few moments after the thought and he didn't really hurt anymore. The lights were dimmed and the voices were softer.

He didn't know what exactly was happening but he felt like he was gonna die. He didn't want that to happen, not when everything was getting so good. He wanted to die before; first when his dad dropped his mom off at the asylum, and then when they first moved to Hawkins. But in that moment, all he wanted was to live.

An epidural hematoma occurs when blood accumulates between the hard covering of the brain and the skull, rapidly putting pressure on the brain.

Untreated concussions can cause severe brain damage.

According to Billy's doctors, he had both. The hematoma came from the beating, but the several untreated concussions did not help the matter.

Several untreated concussions, Steve repeated in his mind. He wondered how many times Billy just powered through it all in fear of anyone finding out the abusive side of his dad. It saddened Steve to no end and he hoped Billy wouldn't die because of his father's ignorance.

"What about Neil Hargrove? How is he doing?" Susan, Billy's step mom, asked. It took everything for Steve not to go off, but he didn't really have to. Max did that for him.

"He is in ICU as well. At worst he may end up blind in his left eye, but other than that he should meet a full recovery." The doctor said through Max's ranting. It wasn't fair to Steve. How dare he meet a full recovery when Billy only had uncertainty.

They were supposed to go on a date. A double fucking date like a normal couple. *So stupid and unfair*, Steve sighed as he ran his fingers through his hair. It wasn't really about that though, he knew that.

He wanted Billy. There with him, alive, holding his hand. *Safe*.

He wanted to throw up. In fact, he almost did, but he held it back when he felt a soft hand against his back.

"How are you doing, hun? Here," Joyce Byers asked as she handed him a cup of water. He gave a weak smile as he took it from her. Joyce Byers had always been a second mom to him growing up. His parents were always away so he spent a lot of time in the Byers house, usually hanging out with Jonathan.

"Sick." Steve replied, and he honestly did. "I had some suspicions. Maybe if I, just.. maybe if I talked to him about it, I could have helped him?" His stomach lurched at the thought of Billy's broken, beaten face, his curls gone. In that very moment it looked like he'd given up. Maybe if Steve had said something-

"This is not your fault. Don't ever think that. I'm sure he wouldn't want you to think that either." Joyce rubbed her hand up and down his back as she spoke soothing words, he tried to take it all in to calm his rapid heart beat. Nancy and Jonathan came running into the the waiting area and rushed over to Steve. Joyce patted his back as she got up, giving Steve room to talk to his best friends.

"Are you okay?" Nancy fussed over him as Jonathan sat down beside him. Steve brushed her hands away and she sighed in defeat and sat next to Jonathan.

"I'm fine. He.. *he* isn't." Steve sighed as he took a long gulp of his water. "He isn't fine but his fucking dad is, and his wife is over there all worried about her husband like Billy isn't-" Steve didn't feel like talking anymore. *Billy is fine, he's gonna be okay.*

He has to be okay.

"Pretty."

Billy recognized the voice as Eleven. The room he was in was black, an empty void of nothing. He couldn't remember where he was before, but it certainly wasn't there.

"Am I dead?" Billy asked, his voice strained. Eleven materialized in front of him. She was wearing a striped shirt underneath some overalls. She was pretty adorable, Billy admitted, but it didn't help with his confusion.

"No." *You're alone. I felt that. Wanted to help,* Eleven added in her thoughts. Billy could *hear* her thoughts. He blinked down at her and a dry laugh escaped his throat.

"That's too sweet, kid." Billy sighed as he sat down, legs crossed.

"You're sleeping." Eleven said as got on the ground in front of him. Well, at least he wasn't dead, Billy thought gratefully.

"So I'm dreaming?" Billy asked as he tried to run his fingers through his hair, only to find it gone. A shudder of a breath left his lips as he remembered in detail what got him to that point.

"No." *You're asleep, but awake.* She watched as he ran his hair over his scalp. Billy tried to keep his cool since he was apparently talking to a kid in asleep/not asleep state, but it was hard.

"How long have I been like this?" Billy breathed, hot tears in his eyes that he was never gonna let fall, not in front of her.

"Three days." *Steve has visited every day after school.* Billy couldn't hold the tears anymore. He felt like such an asshole for letting Steve see him like that. Broken and beaten. Yeah he'd seen his bruises but he wasn't supposed to see him broken.

"You're angry." *It's okay to be angry.* Eleven stood up and made Billy do so as well. *My papa was a bad man, too. He took mama away from me, made her sick. I was angry.*

"How do I make it stop?" Billy asked through a ragged sob. *Let it out. Don't stop until it's gone.* Billy thought it was silly at first when she started yelling, but soon enough he played along, and screamed with her.

He remembered when when his dad first hit him, he had been only five. He thought about when he was a kid and he had to be the one to take care of his mom because his dad stopped caring. When his dad cut all of his hair in attempt to shame him, and even remembered how it felt when he saw his dad lay his hands on Steve.

His yell got louder as he let himself feel everything all over again. It was hard and it was painful, but it felt so good all at once. Electricity flowed through his body with each piercing scream and his blue eyes shot open, a bright white room replacing the dark world around him.

14. Love

Billy's doctors wouldn't let Steve see him at first. He wasn't family. Hopper put them in their place though, something about one of them being a drunk, and how easily they could lose their medical license. Steve didn't really care though as long as he got to see Billy.

His parents didn't understand why he went to the hospital so much. They also didn't understand why he would stay until visiting hours were over. Frankly, Steve didn't care about what they thought, not on that. He wanted to try to be there when Billy woke up. Of course he made sure to make it to school, Billy would be pissed if Steve skipped on his account.

It had been the same for the first two days. He sat next to Billy's bed and held his hand. He would talk to him and tell him how much he missed him. He was pretty sure he couldn't hear him but it felt better than sitting in silence.

Max was there the first day and the second day, but she wasn't allowed to stay as long as Steve because of homework. Which didn't seem fair to her because Steve did his homework there. *It's because of Neil*, Max said one day her mom left them in the room together to talk to a doctor. Mr. Hargrove didn't want Max to have anything to do with Billy.

Susan tried to stay one day with Max and Steve, but he assumed she could feel the anger radiating off of him and decided to leave. Steve would rather be alone with him anyway. He couldn't hold his hand in front of Susan, though he should have figured she must have known by then.

His head had been wrapped in gauze because of his surgery. His face was still bruised from where his father had hit him. He was still Steve's pretty guy, no matter what though.

On the third day, it almost felt like a routine. Steve was already preparing himself for doing this for awhile. The doctors didn't know exactly when or if he was gonna wake up, so Steve knew he'd be seeing him until the day he did.

What wasn't routine was Billy's heart stopping. Steve was holding his head and he said *I love you, Billy*. After that the machine next to him started to make this really loud noise that brought him into a panic. He yelled for help and a doctor rushed in and tried to force Steve to leave.

He didn't. He was in the corner with tears running down his face because there was no way Billy was dying. It wasn't fair. Billy was trying to be a better person. He barely got the chance to be that. He tugged at his hair as they shocked him two times and nothing happened.

The third time, however, his eyes shot open. Billy looked disoriented at first until his eyes laid on Steve. They locked eyes as the doctors removed all of the tubes from him seeing as he was awake. Steve was still in the corner, waiting for everyone to leave.

"There may be some neurological problems down the road. I want you to see your doctor every two weeks to see if anything changes." Billy just nodded his head at her and she left them be. Steve was still in pure shock. The blonde smiled and motioned for the brunette to come to him.

"Come kiss me, princess."

Steve didn't even care about the pet name at the time. The only thing he cared about was feeling his lips against Billy's, the rough and sweet feel of it. He knew to be gentle but the kiss was deep and rushed like he'd never be able to kiss him again. Billy chuckled softly as he ran his fingers through Steve's brown locks.

"Don't cry." Billy whispered as they pulled away. He wiped them away from Steve's cheeks and let his hand rest there. Steve wanted to feel stupid for crying. It was the unmanly thing to do. But in that moment all of that shit honestly felt like dumbest thing in the world so yeah, he let himself cry for his guy.

"I'm here. Not gonna go anywhere."

And that had been the truth. Billy stayed by his side no matter what, and same with Steve. Billy had been there when Steve came out to

his parents a few weeks later, once the bandages were gone and the bruises had faded away. And in truth they both were scared out of their minds but Steve's parents didn't really mind it.

"Your mother and I have been all over and seen many different kinds of people. We know there are people who like the same sex and we even worked with a few of them. We just want you to be happy, son." His father had said and his mother agreed. She hugged them both and invited Billy to dinner.

That following weekend they finally went on that double date with Nancy and Jonathan. They went to the movies and it had been real sweet. They couldn't steal little kisses like Jonathan and Nancy but they still were able to let their arms touch and let their fingers overlap just a little over the arm rest. After that though they all went out to eat at a nearby diner and then Billy and Steve were finally able to hold hands under the table.

Jonathan let slip that his little brother Will thought Billy was real handsome and it had been too funny to them. It explained why Will had been blushing that day Billy met the kids. Steve figured Hargrove cared more about the fact that he walked in on a kid using their mind powers than he did about blushing Will Byers.

One Friday night Steve and Billy talked about the future, where'd they'd end up. And Steve had said he'd go anywhere Billy wanted. The blonde smiled and kissed his love's cheek.

"I wanna be where my mom is."

And so they started applying for colleges, preferably near or in Los Angeles. Max had been real sad and Steve knew Billy didn't wanna leave her. Word got to Hopper that Billy planned on leaving and sat Susan down to have a serious talk. He said Neil Hargrove was a danger to her daughter's life, and if she chose to stay with him, he would have made sure she was taken from her custody.

It was not a threat, it had been a promise that Susan thankfully took seriously. A restraining order had Neil move to a different county. Billy put his trust in Hopper to keep Max safe, and Steve also knew that Billy felt better knowing she had Eleven as a friend.

The second hardest part for Steve was applying for colleges. The first time he took the SAT his scores were not great and he knew his chances of getting into a good college were slim. Billy helped him study for the second time around every night for two weeks and the his scores were a lot better. Not as good as his boyfriend's though.

Steve didn't know exactly how he felt about Billy's scores being so high. He was proud of him but he knew there would be no way they'd get accepted to the same university. Billy told him that it would be okay if they didn't, because they would be good no matter what.

And he had been right. They both got accepted to different colleges, both in Los Angeles. The couple decided to rent an apartment to share, and things were more than great. Working and going to school had been draining, but it was all worth it when they came home to each other.

The day Billy introduced Steve to his mom the brunette had been really nervous. Not because of the fact they pulled into a parking lot of an asylum, but because he was scared Vivian Hargrove wouldn't like him. Steve could tell Billy was nervous too, and probably more than he was. He gave his hand a comforting squeeze before heading inside.

Vivian was beautiful. Her hair was long, blonde, and curly, all of which were pulled into a messy bun. When they walked into the activity room she was in the corner painting.

Billy had to call for her a few times before she finally turned around. Her blue eyes widened and she rushed over to him, "My boy, my baby boy, you came home." Vivian muttered as she hugged him tight. Steve watched as some tears spilled from Billy's eyes as he hugged back just as tight.

She was hesitant and looked a little scared when Billy introduced Steve as his boyfriend. She gave him a weak smile and turned back to her abstract work. Billy let Steve know that it would get better after awhile, and it did.

Four years later, at Billy's graduation, Steve proposed. It wasn't a big

thing where he got down on one knee, he just said what came to his heart and mind.

"Billy Hargrove, you still piss me off so much, but I never want it to stop. I wanna spend the rest of my life with you." And then he gave Billy what he could afford at the time, a cheap silver band. Billy had laughed because he had bought him a ring too.

It was more of a promise than anything because at the time they couldn't legally get married. That moment came twenty years later, when same-sex marriage was finally legalized. They were in their forties but Steve thought they looked real good for their age. Billy would always agree.

Their wedding had been beautiful.

Steve's mom was there with her long term girlfriend, Lucinda. His dad passed away ten years before that and she came out five years after his passing. Though Steve missed his dad, he was glad his mom was finally at ease, even if it took her so long.

Max came with her fiancé Lucas Sinclair. They were sweet hearts through middle school and high school but went separate ways at graduation. After college though they found each other and fell in love all over again. They're happy as can be as they show off her round pregnant belly.

Mike and Jane Wheeler arrived with their toddler in tow. He was a cute little boy with a head full of curls. Mike held both Jane's and Will's hand, the three came out as poly years ago they couldn't be happier. And then there was Dustin and his scholar of a wife, Suzie.

Jonathan and Nancy Byers came as well. Jonathan being a renown photographer and Nancy a lawyer, they were both very successful individuals, and even more so as a couple. And still Steve's best friends.

And of course they couldn't forget about Hopper and Joyce, who had started dating once Will graduated from high school. That had been the extent of their family, and they all were the ones who cried for them as they officially became husbands.

Two years pass and they were at a point in their life where they were comfortable, but at the same time it felt as though something was missing. They both came to the realization that they wanted a child. Some told them that they were too old and some even said that they shouldn't because they were both males. They didn't care about what anyone thought anymore. And so they fought long and hard to be able to adopt their beautiful daughter, Nova.

As Steve sat in his living room with his husband, watching Billy tickle their five year old, listening to the sweet sound of her laugh; he found himself suddenly grateful for having gone to that party all those years ago. Falling in love with Billy Hargrove may have not been his plan, but he was damn sure glad that it happened.

The end

Author's Note: I wrote this story on a whim. It's rushed, and it wasn't great, but I did enjoy writing it. I'm sorry for any plot holes or typos. Thanks for reading.